

The Critic

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Balzac, the Realist.

IN THESE DAYS of inquisition, when the novelist analyzes his characters to the finest fibre of their being, and the critic analyzes the novelist, and the novelist turns again and analyzes his critic,—when intellectual vivisection is the interest of the hour, and the public will have its fiction carved by the scalpel of science, or not at all,—one's mind reverts naturally to one of the greatest masters of this modern phase of novel-craft—Balzac. Flattering as it is to the long list of petty novelists, who follow the same line of work, to be bracketed with this great name, yet how belittling, too! We lay down one of their books scarcely with reluctance—and reach for one of Balzac's. Our mind is fagged; we feel as we did when we used to push from the school laboratory, where for several hours the clever professor has been illustrating to our eyes the abstract laws of the text-books, by means of a series of ingenious experiments. The professor speaks in the purest English; he handles his materials with exquisite delicacy; he works with the sure hand of an expert. He has shown us a human skeleton; and, by pulling here a tendon and there a tendon, has made it execute the most amusing and life-like gymnastics. We have explored with him the inmost intricacies of the eye of a sheep, and the marvellous mechanism of the heart of a calf; and have watched the slender currents of life pulsing through the web of the frog's foot. He has adjusted his microscope and shown us minutiae of which we did not dream—and for which we do not care! Ah well, we are glad to be out in the fresh air again!

And now we are opening another door; we have passed in. No ingenious experiments await us here, no juggling with nature's forces, no clever simulations. A human figure is stretched on the long table before us; a wise man stands over it with his knife. Ah, the awful, exquisite, noble, nerve-shaking work of that knife! Is this too gross, too painful, a metaphor? We think not; for we are thinking of Père Goriot's heart, laid bare in all its pitiful nudity; we are thinking of the Duchesse de Langeais, probed to the depths of her woman's soul; of Eugénie Grandet; of the Alchemist; of old César.

When one comes to ask one's self what it is that divides, with so sharp a line, works such as Balzac's from our so-called analytic novels, the answer must be that the difference is one of degree only. They delineate finite feelings, petty sentiments, idiosyncrasies; he dissects passions. They tell you why Angelina crossed her left hand over her right, and what motive impelled Edwin to light his cigarette at one end rather than at the other. Balzac shows you the devastating path of ambition; the implacable workings of revenge; the crushing of avarice; the swift claws of treacherous brute-nature; the slow poison of illegitimate love; the dust and ashes on the tongue of worldliness. He does not squander his genius on trivialities, like his would-be disciples. With the exception, perhaps, of one or two of his short stories, there is not a page of his that wearis the mind. The minutiae of his architectural descriptions have an historical interest; so, too, those of the vulgarities of low life and

middle-class life; and as for the always fascinating personality of the *beau monde*, it justifies itself. Humanity, the undercurrent of the greatest novels, the element that makes 'Les Misérables' the grandest of all works of fiction,—humanity flows strongly here. Listen to his words (how the knife pierces!):

'If the human heart pauses to rest by the wayside as it mounts to the summits of affection, it finds no stopping-place when it starts on the down-incline.'—'Strike without pity, and the world will fear you. Treat men and women as post-horses; never mind if you founder them, so long as they get you to the next relay.'

'People do not hate each other for injured interests, for wounds, not even for a blow; all such wrongs can be redressed. But to have been seized, *flagrante delicto*, in a base act! The duel which follows between the criminal and the witness of his crime ends only with the death of one or the other.'—'To forget is the great secret of strong, creative natures—to forget, in the way of Nature herself, who knows no past, who begins afresh, at every hour, the mysteries of her untiring travail.'—'It would seem that our hatred of a foe gains depth in proportion to the height to which he rises above us.'

And what a depth of quiet wisdom in the following:

'Frightful condition of the human race! there is no one of its joys that does not come from some species of ignorance.'—'All human power is a compound of time and patience. Powerful beings will and wait.'—'When a man deceives, he is forced to prop one falsehood by another.'—'Virtue, my dear student, is not a thing you can have by halves. It is—or it is not.'—'When you are a millionaire, can you eat two dinners; will you want two wives?'—'At a certain age men will turn their souls inside out to get hair, if they haven't any.'

Could there be a more subtle description than the following of the distinction between the *bourgeois* and the patrician—elements mingled in every society, American no less than foreign?

'The others, on the contrary, stamped with the mark of toil, retained their vulgar attitudes, and amused themselves too heartily; their eyes were full of inconsiderate curiosity; their voices ranged above the low murmur which gives inimitable piquancy to the conversations of a ballroom; above all, they had none of that composed impertinence which contains the germs of epigram, nor the tranquil attitude which characterizes those who are accustomed to maintain empire over themselves.'

We glean here and there, bewildered in so rich a harvest-field:

'Like every other circumstance of life when stripped of its accessories, the situation was simple in itself, but vast and complicated to the eye of thought.'—'Birroteau drew upon the dregs of his courage.'—'The spur of that cruel rider—Necessity.'—'His brave wife, whose only beauty now was that of cities through whose streets have flowed the lava waves of a volcano.'

Then the sharp lines in this sketch of poverty:

'Poverty suddenly showed herself, not hideous, but simply clad, and almost easy to be borne. There was nothing fearful in her voice; she did not bring in her train despair and rags and spectres; but she did banish the recollection and destroy the habits of affluence; she wore the springs of pride. Then came want in all its horrors, want, reckless of its tatters, want that treads under foot every human feeling.'

Was there ever a keener piece of writing than the description of the Kellers? Was there ever a more vivid, more repulsively realistic picture than that of Claparon's room, which starts before the eye like a canvas of Hogarth's? And was there ever a more touching, more simple story of a death-bed scene, than this of the Vendetta's daughter, thinking of another at the last, and rich in love in the midst of gaunt poverty?

'She knew that Luigi was there, for she clasped his icy hand, even more and more tightly still; it seemed as if she were trying to cling to a precipice over which she felt herself falling. "My friend," she said at last, "You are cold: I will warm you." She would have placed her husband's hand upon her breast, but she died.'

And what an awful picture of an implacable revenge, when Luigi (the Romeo of the tale) comes to tell his unforgetting father-in-law, Bartholoméo (old Capulet), of his dis-

inherited, once-beloved daughter's death; the word-painting is done in a few great strokes.

'The two old people shuddered as if they had felt a thunder-stroke, and lost sight of Luigi. "He spares us a gun-shot, for he is dead!" said Bartholomé slowly, looking on the ground.'

That pistol-shot shakes us to our souls.

Such is Balzac, the artist, the great master, who paints from the nude, who dips his brush in life-blood, and with the great strokes of genius—here a broad and sweeping one, there one subtle and fine—paints Humanity for us.

W. L. FALCONER.

Reviews

Romantic Realism.*

THE realists of America claim to follow in the footsteps of the great foreign realists who have made ordinary life picturesque; but in point of fact, most American realists differ as widely from Russian, French, or Spanish realists, as they differ from American idealists. Their feet follow in the footsteps, but their lips do not carry the same message. They, too, deal with ordinary life, but are satisfied to leave it ordinary; while foreign realism takes up the commonplace only to reveal how picturesque it really is. 'Leon Roch' is a romance from the Spanish of Perez Galdós, translated by Clara Bell, and issued in two of Gottsberger's convenient little volumes. Though called a romance, it is as realistic as life itself. The incidents could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and all of them are perfectly possible and familiar. A young man marries a pretty girl who develops into a religious fanatic. His theological indifference strengthens, under her repressing influence, into absolute atheism. Under the sway of priests and dogmas, she alienates him from God and from herself, till he drifts into the kindlier atmosphere of another home—the home of one whom he had loved in his earlier youth, and who, unhappily married, still loves him. His wife grows jealous, seeks him out, almost but not quite relents from her fanaticism; and finally, in a paroxysm of rage, falls ill and dies. Her rival's husband has meanwhile been reported dead; but his own wife's death no sooner leaves Leon free, than the dead husband on the other side comes back alive, to sever true love once more. So the story ends; without any compact dovetailing of events for the sake of rewarding virtue or punishing vice. The moral is that of life itself: 'Be good; you still may not be happy, but nevertheless it is better to be good.'

This is realism of the sternest, and it is all that the American exploiter of the commonplace would have dared to give us; but under Galdós' pen, what illumination of motive, what insight into the hidden realities of the mind, what appreciation of the fact that the soul is more than the body, the suffering or the joy more real than the incident that occasions it, and that life itself is the *result* of the catastrophe upon the human being, and not the catastrophe itself. No one will skip a line of these volumes, though they deal with little more than phases of character and mental struggle. The fanaticism of the bigot is most admirably portrayed; it is shown to be, not hypocrisy, but genuine earnestness; defeating itself, even in its own aims, by its ferocity of sincerity, and never otherwise than narrow, hateful, and unsuccessful. The influence of the bigoted brother reminds one of those remarkable scenes in 'Romola' where the natural affection of a brother, left to itself, would have saved, while the bigotry of the priest only ruined. Some of the lighter scenes are as charming as the stronger ones are powerful: the good priest overcome by his natural impulses and doing the right and human thing at the poor wife's deathbed, in spite of all his theological bent to the contrary, is as vivid a picture as the contrasting one. The scene in the bedroom of the child supposed to be dying, when Leon, who could not be thrown upon his knees by conviction, fell on them to

plead instinctively for the life of the little girl he loved, is all the better for the realistic touch that the impulse is only momentary, born of trouble and affectionateness, but not by any means converting permanently to the church a man who simply believes in love and charity. The story is a character-study of great skill and charm. All the emotions that the soul would undergo in such scenes as are depicted are dwelt upon with equal justice to realism and to art.

Henry James's "Partial Portraits."*

ONE of the indirect results of International Copyright—and one for which we shall be duly grateful,—will be that it will enable Mr. Henry James to live in America, without sacrificing, as he would have to sacrifice to-day, a large part of an income entirely disproportionate, even as it is, to the quantity and quality of his work. Mr. James has been criticised for lack of 'patriotism,' for indifference to the affairs and interests of his own country and countrymen; and the sneer has been uttered occasionally by persons who would not so much as lift a finger to amend the laws that oblige an American author to live abroad, if he would enjoy the full reward of his labor. To secure copyright on his books in Great Britain and the British dependencies, where the works of the chief American writers are read with as much eagerness as at home, an American author, as matters stand to-day, must have his residence under the British flag. When our copyright law (which we should stigmatize as Chinese in its inhospitality, were it not that the epithet reminds us of other laws of ours that make national exclusiveness appear less peculiarly a Mongolian trait)—when the American copyright law is so amended, we say, that the native writer need not go to London or Canada in order to benefit by the sale of his books on British soil, Mr. James may disappoint his critics by depriving them of a favorite ground for unfriendly comment in considering his work; and if he should not care to do so, after so many years of partly enforced expatriation, it should hardly seem a matter for surprise. It is small ground for wonder that a literary worker should choose that land to live in, whose laws bear least heavily on the followers of his craft.

Mr. James's latest book—the 'Partial Portraits' just issued in London and New York—contains nine counterfeit presentations; for though there are eleven papers, the 'conversation' on 'Daniel Deronda' is properly a part of the portrait of George Eliot; and the last chapter in the book is a study of 'The Art of Fiction.' They are all reprinted from the leading American and English magazines, where in most cases they appeared as reviews of comparatively recent books. Thus the first is devoted ostensibly to a consideration of Mr. Cabot's 'Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.' The reviewer is far from agreeing with Matthew Arnold, that Emerson's right to the title of a man-of-letters is invalid; 'letters surely were the very texture of his history.' His was the very life for literature—for the making of literature, that is: 'fifty years of residence in the home of one's forefathers, pervaded by reading, by walking in the woods and the daily addition of sentence to sentence.' We opened at the middle of this essay in *Macmillan's*, some months ago, meaning to read only a page of it; and stood reading on, in a corner of the room, till it was finished, still intending each moment to lay it down at the end of the paragraph. There is an undeniable charm, if not precisely a fascination, about Mr. James's criticisms, which holds, and half convinces, even the reader whose point of view is the very opposite to his own. In this study of Emerson, you feel the justness of the title of the book: the portrait is a 'partial' one in both senses of the word. You are conscious not only of its incompleteness, but of the personal bias of the painter. The measurement does not strike you as a final one; you have no sense that it is *Posteriority* that holds the tape, and bids you note the proportions of the sitter. But it is the writ-

* Leon Roch. From the Spanish of B. Perez Galdós, by Clara Bell. 2 vols. \$1.75. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

* Partial Portraits. By Henry James. \$1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

er's bias that makes the work so charming. To get a view of Emerson that shall convince you of its finality, you must form it from his own writings, not another's. What chiefly pleases you in James on Emerson, is the side-light thrown upon Mr. James himself.

This holds true all through the book, though less so in the chapter on Daudet (whom the American novelist puts at the head of his profession, and praises in almost an ecstasy of friendly admiration) than in the paper on the Concord poet and philosopher, with whom he is little in sympathy. In the introduction to the study of Stevenson, one is conscious at first of the writer's self-consciousness. There have been one or two lively though bloodless bouts between the apostle of romanticism whose name heads the chapter, and the depicator of romantic story-telling whose name is signed to it; and you feel that Mr. James had not forgotten these encounters when he penned the dexterous phrases with which he characterizes his whilom antagonist. But soon this feeling passes away, and the brilliant achievements of the imaginative 'Scotchman of the world' in a field and by a method so different from those of his critic, are pointed out and applauded with no less heartiness than discrimination. The quarrel on the mountain-side in 'Kidnapped' is taken as 'a signal proof of what the novel can do at its best, and what nothing else can do so well.' Mr. James, by the way, is impressed by the cleverness with which Mr. Stevenson dispenses with the aid of the ladies, in writing his captivating tales; he seems, indeed, to almost envy him his freedom from petticoat dominion!

Several of these papers have the charm of reminiscence; it is not lacking even in that on George Eliot, whom we here see, during the latter years of her life, a frail, delicate woman, 'shivering a little, much fatigued and considerably spent, but still meditating on what could be acquired and imparted; still living, in the intelligence, a freer, larger life than probably had ever been the portion of any woman.' The criticism of Miss Woolson is sympathetic and acute; in that of Guy de Maupassant there is a more critical note than in most of the others. The last paper in the book is not the only one in which 'The Art of Fiction' is considered; there is something on that absorbing subject even in the 'George du Maurier'; there is more about it in the 'Anthony Trollope.' The theme is present, too, in the article on Tourguenéff, though its informal treatment here occupies a subordinate place. This chapter abounds in reminiscences, and is, to our fancy, by much the most delightful in the book. Mr. James was in the habit of sending copies of his books to the Russian master; but he doubts that Tourguenéff read them. 'I do not think my stories struck him as quite meat for men,' he says with astonishing frankness; but his admiration of his friend's genius and his personal love for him were so great, that this indifference was powerless to chill it.

Ridgway's "Manual of North American Birds."*

THIS will probably hold its place, for a long time to come, as the principal authority on the subject. Though there is still a chance for new discoveries, and room for dispute as to the proper classification of particular species, the work of enumerating and naming the birds of the northern half of our continent is so far done as to leave no opportunity for important changes. The adoption by the American Ornithologists' Union of its Code of Nomenclature and Check-List marks the beginning of a new era in the science. There will henceforth be less confusion, less difficulty for the amateur naturalist and the sportsman in determining the proper name and place of any specimens which they may have secured. Mr. Ridgway's work follows the Check-List strictly, so far as the latter extends. Several species have, however, been added to the North American avi-fauna since its adoption, and these are, of course, included here. Two species

* Manual of North American Birds. By Robert Ridgway. \$7.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

therein recognized have been cancelled, and a number of names of species have been corrected. These minor changes are noted in the Appendix, with many new facts concerning certain rare species. In the body of the work are, also, described some thirty species and sub-species, not previously admitted in a body as North American. The geographical limits, too, have been extended so as to include Socorro Island, off the coast of northwestern Mexico; and Mexican, Cuban and Bahaman species of North American genera, and certain Asiatic species and others, likely to stray within the limits, have been added; but they are distinguished from the certainly valid North American species by being unnumbered. The work is thus rendered as complete as possible; and one may turn to its pages with a certainty of finding there the name and description of any specimen at all likely to be taken north of the Mexican boundary.

In a work of this sort, accuracy is quite as important as comprehensiveness. On this point Mr. Ridgway seems to have taken as much pains as on the other. He has not been content with the material furnished by the enormous collections of the National Museum, but has made use of those of the New York Museum of Natural History, and of many others, public and private. The observations of field naturalists, including the author's own field notes, have added much information to that gained from these prepared specimens. In the matters of measurement and color, such observations cannot, in many cases, be dispensed with. The author's measurements are usually from freshly killed specimens. The names of colors given by him are those adopted in his work on the 'Nomenclature of Colors,' which has recently been highly praised by Prof. Church. Over a hundred and twenty plates of outline drawings of specific forms are given at the end of the work. Nothing is included which is not of value to the ornithologist; and, owing to this, the book has been kept within manageable dimensions, though clearly printed in type of a good size and on paper of a good thickness. For many reasons it is preferable to all other works of the kind as a handy book of reference.

"The Letters of Charles Lamb."*

How often one is charmed with the delightful 'arrangement' of a familiar air, a popular score, an overture that we have heard a hundred times, a prelude to some musical *morceau* whose orchestral difficulties are simplified by a new treatment and rendered transparent to the least musically educated ear. Thus, the improvisator will talk to his piano deliciously through the medium of some well-known strain; the ivory tongues utter a new and sparkling language, yet a language familiar as a cradle-song; under his Pentecostal fingers they utter the 'old, old story' with a marvellous newness and suggestiveness simply the result of his 'arrangement' or interpretation. He has seen the music (so to speak) at a new angle, and all its hidden electricity streams forth the moment he touches the concealed button. In 'The Letters of Charles Lamb' Mr. Alfred Ainger (already so favorably known by his life of Lamb) has done for us something like this. He has taken Talfourd, Lord Houghton, Hazlitt, Fitzgerald, and the Cowden-Clarkes—with many sources unknown to them,—and re-arranged them; not chaotically, as re-arrangement so often means, but chronologically, giving in these abundant volumes all the letters as they were actually written, so far as we can ascertain the dates.

In this way Lamb's literary life has a continuity and clearness which we seek for in vain in Talfourd's careless but charming 'Memorials,' or in any of the other classics devoted to the stammering Ariel. In Lamb's correspondence, in his works, and in the anecdotal reminiscences of him by his friends and contemporaries, we have the story of the Three Caskets over again—only each one of them contains a jewel,

* The Letters of Charles Lamb. Newly Arranged, with Additions. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. With Portrait. 2 vols. \$3. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

and there is lead in none. Mr. Ainger publishes many new letters, and has had access to the old collections, in this way correcting and filling out omissions which other biographers (for this is a genuine epistolary biography) were often obliged to make, owing to the persons touched on being still alive. At present almost that whole age is under the sod; Mary Lamb, Wordsworth, and others whose feelings might have been 'hurt' by Lamb's letters, live in literature and memory alone; and nobody nowadays need flinch under Mr. Ainger's conscientious endeavors to make these epistolary memoirs as complete as possible. His notes and commentary are most helpful; and if these volumes are not 'final' in the true (not the ecclesiastical) sense, it will not be because he has not taken the utmost pains to make them so.

"The Story of Some Great Books."*

THERE is always a pleasure in knowing the history of the volumes written by celebrated men, that occupy the places of honor on our library shelves. How fascinating becomes Gibbon's masterpiece, as we trace out its inception, progress and completion in the pages of his Autobiography; how delightful the glimpses of George Eliot's workshop that are flashed upon us from her letters! We seem to acquire a property right in Old Pepys or ancient Evelyn by watching their literary methods on the sly, close at hand, in their self-revealing books. To know the story of 'Paradise Lost,' of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' of Goethe's 'Faust,' of Petrarch's Sonnets, is to enjoy the society of an intimate, to acquire a personal friend, to win a soul; and after learning their life-story, we can never again put aside their books with a feeling of indifference. Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Carlyle live anew for us in the story of their books; and we hang each work on a personal peg, place each figure in a personal niche, and feel that we, too, were among the fairy godmothers who presided at the appearance of the wonderful babe.

Mr. Saunders pleasantly recognizes this *penchant* of human nature for the literary flesh-pot, and the 'book-lover' is under a real obligation to him for collecting so much that is valuable about his favorite authors. Many celebrated books are traced to their sources in these pages. Some are shown to be the result of a mere accident, like Locke's *Essay*; others were never intended for publication, like Montaigne's *Essays* or Pepys's diaries; this poem suggests that, as Spenser proved to be the literary parent of Bunyan no less than of Cowley and Keats, while access to this or that translation from the Italian or the Spanish, or to the original tongues, kindles the midsummer heats and glows of Chaucer, arouses Wyatt or Surrey to tuneful utterance, or evokes the 'Euphues' of Lyly. Even so, separated continents are joined by hidden coral-reefs; humorous Boccaccio runs underground over to England and reappears, Arethusa-like, in matchless Chaucer; Virgil and Dante are umbilically linked; Shelley and Æschylus are 'dioscuri of the dawn,' knitted together by invisible yet pulsating cords. Much of this 'linked sweetness' and sympathy Mr. Saunders brings out very gracefully.

Recent Economic Books.

ECONOMIC science is at present in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition. This is due in part to the dislike that some persons have for some of the principles of the science, because these stand in the way of their practical aims, and partly to the difference of opinion among economists as to the proper method of studying the science. The aversion of practical men to economic principles is, however, of little consequence, unless it has the effect, as it sometimes has had, of misleading economic writers themselves; but disagreement among the cultivators of the science as to the method to be employed is a far more serious matter. Everyone knows how for ages even able men, like the ancient Greeks, failed in the study of physical science, because they had not the right method of investigation; and similar ill success has always attended, and always will attend, the use of false methods in philosophy and in mental

and social science. For this reason works discussing method are always of interest to scientific readers, and sometimes of real importance to scientific progress. Two such works now lie before us, 'A History of Political Economy,' by J. K. Ingram (Macmillan & Co.), and 'The present Condition of Economic Science,' by E. C. Lunt (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

The first of these works is mainly historical, as its titles implies; yet the author has such decided views on the subject of method, and so marked a preference for certain schools of economic and social science, that the discussion of these subjects occupies no small portion of his space. Mr. Ingram is widely read in the literature of the science, and seems to have examined every work that has had any important influence on its history. He dismisses, after a brief examination, what the ancients wrote on economic themes, with the remark that political economy is almost purely a modern science; and then proceeds to sketch the rise and progress of modern economics from the earliest English and French discussions to the present day. The views of most of the writers mentioned are well stated, and their contributions to the science accurately pointed out; but when the author comes to treat of the leading English authors, from Ricardo downward, his disagreement with their views and still more with their method leads him to dwell rather on their defects than on their excellences. He himself is a disciple of Comte, and of course holds that economics is not really an independent science, but only a fragment of the general science of society, which he would have treated as a whole and mainly by the historical method. This book will be useful to all students of economics, the more so as our language has hardly any treatises of the kind; but it would have been better if its author had been more judicial in temper, and less liable to be irritated by opinions from which he dissent.

Mr. Lunt's work is devoted to the subject of method, and is a vigorous defence of the orthodox English school. It is written in an interesting style, and in parts is quite humorous; it shows a thorough command of the subject and of the position and arguments of other writers. The author demonstrates very clearly that the exclusive employment of the historical method can never result in the discovery of economic laws; and he justly says of the English economists that 'it would hardly be too much to say that the whole science of political economy, as it is to-day, is the work of their hands.' He points out, too, that the English writers, with the exception of Ricardo, have always made use of history in their investigations, so far as it could be of service, though relying mainly on the far more potent instrument of philosophical analysis and deduction. He also shows that the Comtean method of treating all social phenomena together is fallacious, because of the immense complication of the subject, which cannot be adequately treated except by dividing it into departments, as is done in the case of physical science. Mr. Lunt's work will be a wholesome corrective of the extravagant views and unfounded criticisms put forth by some writers of the historical school, and may be commended to all students of the science.

The sixth volume of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science is devoted to the 'History of Co-operation in the United States.' It is the work of several different authors, each of whom treats a certain portion of the subject; and it contains a large amount of information on the subject in hand. The most important and interesting parts of the book are those on co-operation in New England, by E. W. Bemis, and on co-operation in the Northwest, by Albert Shaw. The history of the movement in New England is largely devoted to distributive co-operation, which was the earliest tried, though the later experiments of co-operators in production are carefully recorded. Most of the earlier experiments, especially the so-called union stores, were to a great extent failures; and Mr. Bemis attributes the failure in nearly all cases either to disagreement among the co-operators as to the policy to be pursued, or to the mistake of not providing good managers, while in a few cases the manager proved recreant to his trust, and the enterprise was ruined by his dishonesty. Mr. Bemis notes the fact, however, that over ninety per cent. of ordinary business firms fail; and remarks that co-operative enterprises in New England in recent years can show a record quite as good as that if not better. Co-operation in the Middle States is treated by the same writer; and here the point is brought out that in most of the States of the Union the progress of co-operation is hindered by defective laws. In New York, we are told, the State officers treat the whole subject with something like contempt. The story of the co-operative co-operators of Minneapolis, as told by Mr. Shaw, is very interesting, and the ultimate success of the co-operators highly encouraging. The subject of profit-sharing receives considerable attention, but the experiments with that system are too recent for a decisive judgment on its merits. Considering the practical importance of the subjects treated, these essays must be regarded as among the best of the series to which they belong.

* *The Story of Some Great Books.* By Frederick Saunders. (H. B. Wheatley's Book-Lovers' Library.) \$1.25. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Proudhon's 'System of Economic Contradictions, Vol. I.' translated and published by Benj. R. Tucker of Boston, is an attempt to apply the Hegelian philosophy to economic phenomena, but with very poor success. The author repudiates the teaching of the regular economists, while at the same time he ridicules the socialists for their attempts to reorganize society; yet we cannot see that he brings forward anything of value to take their place. The style of the work is repulsive, being marked by that affectation of great vivacity which characterizes much of current literature, with desperate attempts to be witty and striking. In these days, when so much that is crude is written on social topics, there seems to be no need of importing any more of it from a foreign language.

Recent Fiction.

'A NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE,' by W. L. Alden (Harper & Bros.), is a cleverly written little story of a sailor boy and a lunatic, the only survivors of a vessel wrecked in the South Pacific. The ship runs aground on the reefs of an uninhabited island which the lunatic, who was voyaging for his health, declares to be the one where his sainted grandfather, Robinson Crusoe, dwelt. He insists, with the persistence of insanity, on following the exact course pursued by that famous castaway. The raft must be stocked, the landing made, the house built, garments of goat-skins put together exactly as had been done by Crusoe. In each instance the boy Mike (who tells the story), with Nineteenth Century superiority shows the plan adopted to have been unworkmanlike and absurd. It is a story for young folks, but we doubt if the humor of the situation will be thoroughly appreciated by any but the 'grown-up'; and even they may protest against having the sagacity of the original islander questioned and turned to ridicule. There is a slight discrepancy that may be discerned by an observing boy in the fact that James R. Crusoe calls himself the grandson of a man who lived in 1671. This may lead him to anticipate the end of the tale, where it is revealed that the man's name was Munroe, and that he was very much surprised, when he recovered his wits, to find that he had been playing the rôle of a descendant of the great adventurer. The book is a charmingly healthful one, free from the gross exaggerations and impossible misadventures so common in boys' books.

WHETHER Cassell & Co. are correct in their belief that a republication of Sylvanus Cobb's *New York Ledger* stories is strictly in response to a public demand, must be settled by a commercial test. Judging from our own early recollections of the methods of that periodical, by which the alluring words, 'to be continued in our next' mortgaged our hard-earned pennies for weeks to come, we should anticipate that this sort of literature in a continuous, as distinguished from a serial, form might prove a bit 'jerky.' If one's memory is to be trusted at this late day, the scheme of publication required that each number should terminate in a scene so startling, that nothing short of the expenditure of the aforesaid pennies would satisfy the cravings of an appetite which grew by what it fed on. We should think this staccato movement would hardly do for the basis of a concerted performance. Besides, the actors and the stage situations are, the one fourth rate and the others worn out; so that performances of this sort bear much the same relation to good literature that the actors in a Bowery theatre playing old-fashioned melodrama do to those of Daly's or the Madison Square in comedies of to-day. But then we have passed the age when any theatre or any story was better than none at all, and to those whose feet now stand in our old prints, and to the yet vaster crowd of those who, notwithstanding their years, still read pure melodrama with keen relish, it is possible that 'age cannot wither nor custom stale' such tales as 'Orion, the Gold-Beater.'

IN THE BOOK before us, we have fresh evidence—if any were needed—that story-telling, like eloquence or money-making, is a gift, which culture and practice may improve, but cannot confer. Two writers of more than ordinary talents and accomplishments have failed sadly in an attempt which might have seemed entirely within, if not beneath, their powers. 'The Algonquin Maiden,' by G. Mercer Adam and A. Ethelwyn Wetherald (Toronto: Wm. Bryce), is described as 'a romance of the early days of Canada,' and proposes to depict the various characters of that time and region; but all the personages, from Lady Sarah Maitland, the Governor's wife, down to the hero's old family servant—including even the Indian maiden herself, and her father, the old chief in his forest home—speak exactly alike, in the best modern newspaper English. The plot is of the tritest. The principal hero—for there are two of those useful characters—has made love to two of the heroines—the 'half-savage, half-soft' Algonquin maiden, and a well-bred young lady,—and in the very height of his perplexity, is happily relieved by the dusky damsel herself, who, on learning that he prefers her

rival, drowns herself with accommodating promptitude. The delicate distress of the second pair of lovers, which proceeds from the objection of an aristocratic father to their attachment, is relieved with equal facility by a sudden change of sentiment on his part. Thus the story ends with true historical propriety, the white personages being made comfortable, and the Indian exterminated. There is, it may be added, a genuine historical chapter, entitled 'Politics at the Capital,' which is well written and particularly interesting. This chapter suggests the line of literature in which the authors are likely to excel. It is no discredit to them to have failed where masters of style, like Canning, Brougham, and Motley, had failed before them. On the other hand, they may succeed where Scott and Dickens failed; for neither of those illustrious romancers could achieve a successful history or a good 'leading article.'

'AN UNCLOSED SKELETON,' an exceedingly clever story by Lucretia P. Hale and Edwin Lassetter Bynner, is published by Ticknor & Co., in the same quaint and charming style as 'Penelope's Suitors,' with old-fashioned type and marbled covers, tied with tape. Readers of *The Atlantic* will recall the humor of this surprising tale, its skilful reconstruction of the Boston of 1832, its sudden gaps which pique the reader's curiosity, being, it is alleged, the result of 'the ravages of mildew and rats.' One of the pleasant features of the dainty book is an account of 'Ye Other Workes of ye People who wrote "An Unclosed Skeleton,"' and likewise what hath been sayd of them by divers scribes, and by ye goodlye compayne of ye Newspaper Presse.' We are, for instance, reminded that 'YE CRITIC, which is y-printed at ye famous Isleande of Manhattan, feareth not to say' words in praise of Mr. Bynner's 'Agnes Surriage.'—'HASCHISCH,' by Thorold King (Brentano), appeared first two years ago. We have no reason for reversing our verdict given then: that the story is a sensational and poor one. It deals, not with the question how haschisch affects the mind in general, but with a case in which haschisch was given to a supposed criminal to test a statement that a person under its influence could be made to confess a crime. The story loses point, however, from the realistic fact that the law does not convict on confession alone.

Minor Notices.

IN HIS NEW edition of 'The Satires and Epistles of Horace' (edited, with notes, for Ginn & Co.'s College Series of Latin Authors), Prof. J. B. Greenough has given us a very complete and satisfactory text-book of the Roman poet in the satirical and epistolary direction. In the outset he makes the sensible remark that college students sufficiently advanced to undertake Horace at all, ought no longer 'to get and recite lessons,' as it is called, but should be in a position to study the literature, and understand and enjoy it. Accordingly, in the excellent series of foot-notes which accompany each page of the text, this aim—the enjoyment of Horace as a marvellous literary force in Roman antiquity, and not merely as a dreary exemplar of constructions, or as an elegant Latinist—is constantly kept in mind. He constructs his notes on the plan that the student should be reminded in particular connections of things which he in general knew before, but which might in certain cases be passed over if he were not gently reminded of them by the persistent and persevering foot-note—an ever-present friend whispering in his ear things that he has forgotten, odds and ends of instructive but neglected lore, hints and indications that may be of literary or historical as well as of grammatical utility. A brief introduction puts the reader in possession of the chief historical facts connected with the composition, date, and style of the Satires and Epistles, while a few observations on Horatian archaisms and licenses in verse enable him to grasp their literary form and technique.

'GEORGE RIDDLE'S READINGS' (Boston: W. H. Baker & Co.), now presented to the public in handsome form, consist of sixteen widely differing selections. Mr. Riddle has wisely refrained from giving specific instructions as to the interpretation of these. Prof. Dowden has lately commented upon the important part played, in the teaching of literature, by cultivated and sympathetic reading. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Riddle read 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' well know that he is capable of reading rich comedy and delicate poetry with the refinement and sympathy that lift elocution from the plane of mere entertainment to that of education. It behoves such a reader to endeavor to spread among his audiences the knowledge and understanding of the truly excellent. One regrets that he should waste his opportunities over sketches without literary merit, such as 'A Cure for Dudes,' 'A Sewing-School for Scandal,' and 'Uncle Micajah's Treat at Slambasket Beach.' These meet us upon the threshold, and occupy a great deal of space, but give no just idea of the general quality of

Mr. Riddle's selections. In 'Come Here!' translated from the German by Miss Geneviève Ward, a variety of elocutionary effects are most ingeniously introduced. The fun of *Punch's* 'Burglar Bill' and of the Mother Hubbard sermon is irresistible. There are not lacking examples of the pathetic, the heroic, and the contemplative; and the element of horror is represented by a condensed version of 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,' Charles de Kay's 'Ulf in Ireland,' and a poem by Edgar Fawcett.—A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO. issue a new edition of 'The Vacation Journal: A Diary of Outings from May until November.' The pretty little book, with its flexible canvas cover, and its graceful motto, 'Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world,' is a most useful companion; in addition to its office as 'a chronicle of day by day,' it serves as an almanac, contains information about the Signal Service flags, the rates of postage, and the laws of lawn-tennis, and a descriptive list of the flora of the Eastern and Middle States. Each day has its page reserved, headed by a quotation; and there are also blank pages for records of games, autographs, names and addresses, and miscellaneous memoranda.

NO LONG or detailed criticism need here be given to the subject-matter of the pamphlet which Cupples & Hurd of Boston have put together under the title of 'Civilization in the United States: First and Last Impressions of America,' by Matthew Arnold. It consists of his 'estimate' of General Grant, 'A Word about America,' 'A Word More about America,' and the final and much-discussed paper on 'Civilization in the United States.' All have been sampled and discussed in our columns, and readers in general are familiar with their learning, candor, originality and freshness, as well as with their curious insularity of ignorance in some of the matters under treatment. It is a convenience thus to have them gathered into a pamphlet small enough for the pocket, and sufficiently well-printed for railway or hammock reading.—THE STUDY of English classics, in our schools and colleges, is slowly but steadily progressing, thanks to widespread and earnest effort to promote a sound literary and linguistic knowledge of our own tongue. The leading New England colleges are just now revising and improving their uniform requirements for entrance-examinations in English; and the preparatory-schools, and the schools that do not exclusively 'fit' for college, are doing their part. One of the excellent series promoting this good work is Ginn & Co.'s Classics for Children, already commended in these columns; and its latest issue is Scott's perennially interesting 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' competently edited by Margaret Andrews Allen, who adds a few intelligent notes and a map.

THE VOLUMES of Bohn's Library, in their long-familiar garb of ingeniously ugly black, have resembled, for a quarter of a century, honored friends whose intelligence of mind and whose plainness of person have been equally obvious. The new fortnightly reissue of unabridged portions of the series (if the Hibernicism be allowable) is as pretty as its predecessor was uncomely; the covers are of a dainty green, artistically stamped in black and red; and the choice of the reprinted books is wise. Thus far Bacon, Lessing, Dante, Goethe, and Schiller have been represented; and now we have in one volume Molière's 'L'Avare,' 'Tartuffe' and 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' in the prose translation of C. H. Wall (whose name is misspelt on the cover). This version appeared in 1876, a little before Van Laun's, which it surpasses in idiomatic English, though both are occasionally distressingly stiff. Another volume consists of Henry Cary's well-known version of Plato's chief dialogues, the 'Apologia,' 'Crito,' 'Phaedo' and 'Protogoras.' Either issue is a good sixty-cents'-worth, despite the included tariff-tax for the benefit of—somebody! Scribner & Welford are the American sellers of the series, which is a welcome one.—THE NEW VOLUME of Mr. William O. Stoddard's series of Lives of the Presidents (Frederick A. Stokes & Bro.) resembles its predecessors in being clear, interesting, trustworthy save for monotony of eulogy, fairly printed, badly illustrated, and bound, according to the unfortunate design adopted at the start, in a too staring garb of red, gilt, and black. The series is specially suitable for small town libraries.

'OUTLINES of the Science of Jurisprudence,' translated by W. Hastie from the German of Puchta and others, is an attempt to make the leading ideas of the German jurists accessible to English readers. The translator like most other thinkers on jurisprudence at the present day, is thoroughly dissatisfied with many of the theories of Bentham and Austin, though acknowledging the value of much that they have done; and he believes that the proper corrective of their errors is to be found in the works of the Germans. How far this is true we cannot undertake here to decide, though we have grave doubts about some of their theories, such as that of Puchta, for instance, which grounds right on freedom of will alone

without regard to conscience. Moreover, their thinking has something of the vague and cloudy character of German philosophy, and their style partakes of the same quality. The principal treatise in the book before us is Puchta's 'Juristic Encyclopædia'—a general outline of the subject, with a discussion of the bases of right and the sources of law. Another important work here presented in English dress is that of Falcke on 'The Scientific Study of Jurisprudence,' which presents a general view of the science and its most important divisions, and especially of the means and methods of studying it. Besides these two treatises there are shorter extracts from Friedländer and Ahrens. English readers unfamiliar with German will thank the translator for bringing so much of the best German juristic thought within their reach. (Scribner & Welford.)

VOLUME LX. of Appleton's International Scientific Series is a treatise on 'International Law,' by the late Prof. Leone Levi. It opens with a chapter on the nature and authority of international law, followed by a brief history of international relations in modern times and of the growth of ideas on the duties of nations to one another. Then follows an account of the political condition of the various states of the world, with statistics of area and population. But the greater portion of the volume is devoted to a statement of the rules of international law recognized as binding by all or most civilized nations, the exceptional cases being carefully indicated. It is drawn up in the form of a code, the author believing that such a method of treatment has eminent advantages, both theoretical and practical. The work embraces not only those parts of international law that are everywhere recognized as binding, but also those that have been more or less widely adopted by special agreement between leading nations. Thus several chapters are devoted to the treaties that have been made on the subjects of commerce, on the rights of resident aliens, on international copyright, on monetary and postal unions and other subjects; the object in all cases being to exhibit those leading principles that have been generally or widely adopted. The work is written in a clear style, and, though necessarily somewhat brief, cannot fail to be useful both to students and to all who have to deal, officially or otherwise, with the subject of international law.

Martial Ode

Written by Thomas William Parsons, for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

— manus hoc inimica tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.
ALGERNON SIDNEY.

ANCIENT of days! Thy prophets old
Declared Thee also Lord of war;
And sacred chroniclers have told
Of kings whom Thou didst battle for.

Ancient and honorable men
Have always kept the sword in sight,
Against a day when purchased pen
Or venal voices poison right.

If kings oppress or disobey
Their people's will, the axe must fall;
Or should a people madly stray
From judgment in their council-hall,
Till wisdom, wavering, yields at length,
And love is lost on either side,
Thy dread arbitrament, O Strength!
Every strong nation must abide.

When Heaven's artillery shakes the skies
Death and wild ruin follow fast,
That purer elements may rise
Soon as the storm is overpast:

When armies by Potomac's flood
Menaced the fabric of the free,
Our Eagle's young ones sucked up blood,
And where the slain are there was She.

Now London sends her loyal sons
To grace our gathering: clarion! fife!
Speak England welcome! drums and guns!
Ring notes of gladness—not of strife.

That placid quiet all men seek,
Long may it crown a land restored,
But Massachusetts! be not weak,
If wronged, to seek it with a sword.

The Lounger

THERE is something very pathetic to me in Matthew Arnold's will. It was only a line long; but how many lines should a man need, to leave 1040/- to his wife! One of the best known English men-of-letters dies and leaves an estate valued at a little more than five thousand dollars. Mr. Arnold must have made a good income during his lifetime. What did he do with it, you ask? He was not extravagant, he lived quietly; why did he not save more? The reason is a painful one. The bulk of his earnings went to pay the debts of a son who had all the propensities of a millionaire's offspring without a millionaire's bank-account behind him. Mr. Arnold denied himself everything to clear the family name, and the object of his visit to this country was to earn money to satisfy that son's creditors. I wonder that young men who run up bills at the college tailor's and wine dealer's never stop to think what they are doing. The father is straining every nerve and saving every penny to give his son an education befitting a gentleman, so that he may go well equipped into the battle of life. And what is the son doing?—cramming a little Greek and Latin, and devoting the greater part of his time to wine and billiards. He sows the wind while his father reaps the whirlwind, and the mother and sisters who ought to be provided for are left penniless that his disgraceful debts may be paid.

I LIKE Mr. Browning's spirit: he doesn't want to write for the magazines, and nothing will tempt him to do so. He does not object to other poets writing for them, if they wish to; Mrs. Browning used to, he says; but he prefers not to, himself. His reason for this decision is that he does not like to be forced upon his readers. If his poems are published in book form, no one gets them who does not want them; but in a magazine, they appear before his eyes when least expected. Would that all writers of poetry had some of Mr. Browning's modesty! The life of the magazine reader, to say nothing of the magazine editor, would take on a new aspect, and editorial waste-paper baskets would be ordered three sizes smaller!

IT IS SAID that Miss Amélie Rives fell ill on seeing how her novelette, 'The Quick or the Dead,' was received by the reviewers. I am not cold-hearted, but I could hardly say that I should be sorry if this were true. A little illness is sometimes beneficial, and leaves the patient in better condition than it found him in. It requires a severe shock to open some people's eyes. If Miss Rives is very sensitive to criticism, there is some hope for her. If she sank under the deservedly rough handling her work received, instead of standing up and defying public opinion, it is a very promising sign. I am not one of her wildest admirers; I do not place her on a level with Shakespeare, or even George Eliot; but I think that with proper editing (whether by her own hand or another's) she may win an enviable position among modern literary women. She seems to have something to say, but I do not always like the way she says it. Sound is easily mistaken for sense, and a misapplication of vigorous words is sometimes supposed to indicate literary strength. Miss Rives will find, by even a casual glance at the writings of the masters, that in acquiring a style of one's own, one must do something more than diligently search his Shakespeare or Chaucer. I am afraid she is at present trying to split the ears of the groundlings. She has attracted attention, however, and can well afford to discard sensationalism, whether of diction or thought.

DR. T. W. PARSONS is now the oldest of Boston-born poets,' says the *Tribune*, 'but for all that is still as vigorous in body as in mind.' Dr. Parsons was born August 18, 1819; James Russell Lowell was born at Cambridge, February 22, 1819; Oliver Wendell Holmes was born, also at Cambridge, August 29, 1809; John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill December 17, 1807. So Dr. Parsons is the *youngest* of the four. But then he is the only one of them who was 'Boston-born.' I don't know of any other poets who were 'Boston-born'; the distinction of being the oldest, therefore, seems hardly worth calling attention to. The inference that any reader would draw from the paragraph is that the translator of Dante was born before Mr. Lowell, Dr. Holmes or Mr. Whittier. Perhaps, however, the hyphen has got misplaced. It may belong between 'born' and 'poets,' instead of between 'Boston' and 'born.' But by making Dr. Parsons the oldest of 'Boston-born-poets,' you would have to reject the claims of the three most famous of living American singers to be anything but *fit*—which they are, though few! I am glad to discover that Dr. Parsons is not so old after all, and that physically he is as strong as he is mentally. How vigorous his mind is, the reader may see for himself, by turning to another page of this paper, where his latest poem (an 'occasional' one) is printed.

WALT WHITMAN celebrated his seventieth birthday on the first of this month. The past winter, with its blizzard, was a little hard on the 'good, gray poet,' but to the casual observer he appears about as he has appeared for a number of years past. He is hard at work just now, preparing his new book, 'November Boughs,' for the press. During the past five years Mr. Whitman has received about \$2000 from the sale of his books, and would have made more had not surreptitious copies of 'Leaves of Grass' been put upon the market to the detriment of the genuine ones. There are not many poets whose publishers' accounts make so good a showing. As a rule poetry does not pay; it is a drug in the market.

A WELL-KNOWN librarian writes to me as follows: 'Won't you show up the absurdity of a Government Chief of Bureau at Washington sending out a blank for acknowledgment printed as follows:

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of one copy of your annual report for 1887.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

I have just had the above form sent to me for signature, but not feeling like accepting the lowly and obsequious attitude intended to be imposed on me, have made it read, 'I hereby acknowledge, etc. Very truly yours.' I am not sure that I might not call myself the very respectful and obedient servant of any of the minor officials at Washington, if I were begging a position, or even a gift of documents; but to be requested to use this language if I have occasion to address his high mightiness,—it strikes me this is putting the boot on the wrong leg. And I will also remark that it is far from being the first time that I have observed the same flagrant breach of propriety in printed blanks issuing from Washington.

International Copyright

THE *Times*, in the following paragraph, urges the immediate passage of the bill now pending in the House.

It is of great importance to the national repute that the International Copyright bill shall become a law at the present session. By a series of concessions, some of which injure the bill, though they do not absolutely destroy its value, it has been made to attract a larger support than any other bill establishing International Copyright that has ever come before Congress, and to pass the upper house. It would be a great pity if it were permitted to fail in the lower, though there is danger that it may fail unless it can be advanced on the calendar. This requires a two-thirds vote, and there should be no doubt that the bill will command such a vote. All the American interests concerned in the production of books have, by the skill and industry of the various Copyright Leagues, been united in support of the bill, and foreign authors, the only foreigners whom we are called upon to consult, would be gratified by its passage. The English publishers are agitating against it openly in their own country, and covertly, as there is reason to apprehend, in this. There is no reason whatever why Congress should look out for their interests or pay any heed to their remonstrances.

THE opposition to the bill offered by English manufacturers is not inexplicable. Says 'X. Y. Z.' in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:

One effect of the American Copyright Bill, should it finally pass in its present form, will be, I imagine, to transfer a considerable portion of the printing trade from England to the States. The bill only gives protection to foreign books of which copies printed from type set within the States are duly deposited at Washington. Obviously, therefore, the economical thing to do, if an English author wants to secure American copyright, will be to have his book printed in America and then shipped to England, a process which, indeed, is already more often adopted than the English reader is aware.

THE *Athenaeum* does not mince matters with the opponents of International Copyright in its own country:

The moment there seems a chance of British authors obtaining the long-looked-for protection, our printers and paper-makers, who live on the brains of the author, and without the author would starve, have gone off to Sir M. Hicks Beach to complain that their pockets might possibly suffer. Seldom has there been a more bare-faced display of selfishness; but why did publishers, who profess to regard their interests as identical with those of the author, countenance this attempt to injure him? To be sure, except Mr. Routledge, they were silent; still, the fact remains that they accompanied a deputation which boldly asked for the sacrifice of the author to the fears of the printer and paper-maker.

"The Melting Mood" Again.

WE HAVE already reprinted from *Harper's Monthly* Mr. Howells's opinion (not a very flattering one) of 'The Melting Mood as a Literary Force.' We now reproduce from *The Pall Mall Gazette* the supplementary views of a number of well-known English novelists. The article in which they are embodied is entitled 'Do Novelists Cry over Their Work?'

The New York CRITIC, acting on a suggestion made in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, recently sent a circular letter to all the better known American novelists, with the object of ascertaining how far a novelist does or should sympathize with the characters which he creates. It will be remembered that the discussion took its rise in an article on novel-writing by Mr. Walter Besant. Mr. Besant inquired whether anybody could suppose 'that a moving situation was ever yet depicted, the writing of which did not cost the author anguish and tears.' We gave a summary of the opinions of the American faculty a few days ago. We are now able to supplement these opinions by some interesting communications from a few leading English novelists of the day.

The first place naturally belongs to the veteran author of the 'Moonstone,' whose evidence is entirely in favor of Mr. Besant's dictum. Mr. Wilkie Collins says:—'I entirely agree with Mr. Walter Besant—"no moving situation was ever yet depicted, the writing of which did not cost the author anguish and tears." I am astonished to hear that the question has been asked. May I suggest that it might be well to make sure, if possible, of addressing further inquiries to competent witnesses—that is to say, to writers of novels who are capable of depicting moving situations? With regard, for instance, to the two humorists who answer Mr. Besant by the word "bosh" in one case and by "finding it droll" in the other, it might be worth while—if you can lay your hand on a person whose time is of no value—to discover whether they have either of them written anything that anybody (not afflicted with disease of the lachrymal gland) could possibly cry over.'

THE CRITIC, unfortunately does not divulge the name of the author who privately proclaimed Mr. Besant's contention to be 'bosh!' It is Mr. Howard Pyle who writes: 'In regard to Mr. Besant, however, and looking at him through the spectacles of common sense, I should say that to many men the thought of him suffering anguish and tears over his own lucubrations is, to say the least, *droll*.' Perhaps some of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Howard Pyle's works (if any such there be) may be able to answer Mr. Wilkie Collins's question.

Our second contribution is from a widely read lady novelist, and is equally in support of Mr. Besant's contention. Mrs. Lynn Linton writes:—'My characters being to me living people, I cannot write of their troubles without the same intensity of sympathetic anguish as I should have for my friends. Thus, I can never read over the pathetic parts of my stories without tears. This must needs be where work is vitalized by sincerity—where it is emphatically the life of the author, both for the interest taken in it as a drama, and the amount of nervous force that it costs to create. If the people written of are real to the author, their sorrows must be real, and the scenes of trial, temptation, magnanimity, etc., wherein they figure must be real too. The amount of tears and anguish going to their baptism depends upon individual temperament; but to writers who have a vivid imagination and keen sympathies—who give themselves to their work, so that even an essay is a passionate prayer, or it may be a rallying cry—fiction is more serious than its name, and is the source of sorrow as great, if also of joy as pure, as can be found in the actual circumstances of life.'

Next we have an interesting addition to the discussion in the shape of a letter from Mr. Rider Haggard. It forms, indeed, a valuable contribution to what may be called the study of method in novel-writing, and might with advantage be read as a supplement to Mr. Besant's articles on the 'Writing of Novels' in *Atlanta*.

Judging from my own small experience (Mr. Rider Haggard writes) it is absolutely necessary to sympathize with a character if that character is to be a success. I mean by sympathy, knowledge, not necessarily approval. The person must be a real person to the mind of its creator, as real as anybody he knows, or more so. To make a character a true success, it ought never to be out of the author's mind for a waking hour from the time that the book is conceived till it is finished. One of the commonest forms of criticism of a good novel is, 'Oh, so and so is good; all the rest are sticks.' When this criticism happens to be true, I believe that the cause of the fault is that the writer has failed to sufficiently sympathize, or rather identify himself, with the sticks. They have bored him, and consequently they bore the reader. The man who can hold all his

characters, whatever their degree, in equal intimacy and regard, will at least produce a well-balanced book. It is very easy to allow a single personage in the history to overshadow all the others, and the explanation is that the writer has fallen under the thrall of that personage and cannot shake it off. To write of him or her is a labor of love; the rest are labor only. For this reason I always think that a book with very few characters has a better chance of success than one with many, all of which the author's mind is not large enough to hold at the same time. Indeed, I believe that as time goes on the expediency of devoting a book to the study of a single character, to which all the rest are confessedly foils, will be more and more recognized. But of course this is only a very humble private opinion. For the rest I quite agree with Mr. Besant that a moving situation *must* move the author; only my experience is that it moves him on reading what he has written rather than at the moment of writing, when his mind is too strained with the creative effort to be capable of further emotion.

'G. T.' writes to us from Dresden on the same subject, as follows:

I take the liberty of calling your attention to the following lines from the first scene of 'Faust':

Bewunderung von Kindern und Affen,
Wenn euch darnach der Gaumen steht;
Doch werdet ihr nie Herz zu Herzen schaffen
Wenn es euch nicht von Herzen geht.

The translation of this is: 'The admiration of children and apes, if that suits your taste; but you will never bring heart to heart [that is, speak to the heart] if it does not come from your own heart.' This is proof enough that Goethe agreed with Horace.

'C. K. N.' sends us this note from Brookville Academy, Maryland:

Two of your correspondents gave us, when your 'symposium' appeared, a most spirited entertainment in their encounter over Horace's *Si vis me flere*, etc. I should like to give my reasons for agreeing with your metrical correspondent in his exegesis of the passage. 1. His interpretation seems to accord better with Latin construction. 2. It agrees better with the context (lines 99—105). It is not enough that poems (dramas) be beautiful in themselves; they must be so sweet-toned as to lead the mind of the auditor at will. If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself—in the action, at the time. Then your sorrows will touch me, O Telephus or Peleus. But if you 'mouth' or storm in the part assigned you (*male loqueris*), then I shall either nod (when you are tame) or smile (when you rant). 3. That Horace did not refer in these lines to the parts assigned to the actor but to his manner of performing them, seems to follow from lines 176—178 *Ne forte seniles*, etc. Horace would hardly so arrantly repeat himself. But assuming that he is now for the first time speaking of the necessity of making the parts of actors correspond with their characters, all is perfectly consistent.'

The Egypt Exploration Fund

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

So successful is the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund, in a variety of directions, that I fear many who appreciate the results for Biblical and secular history, for our knowledge of the early sources of Greek arts, and of much else that is of importance and unique interest, overlook a factor of essential moment to us, and without which we cannot explore for them and for a world eager to know more of the remote past. The potent factor is money; not a great sum; only a few thousands a year. I must be doubly earnest now for *not half* the same number of subscriptions have I to-day as 1886-7 yielded (see THE CRITIC of June 18, 1887). Let not our brilliant results obscure the above unpleasant fact. Rather should last month's remarkable results relative to Joseph's Pharaoh, the Hyksos kings, the Eighteenth Dynasty, and those priceless sculptures of Bubastis, where Herodotus placed Egypt's most beautiful temple, one and all, cast an electrical light on the fact that money is the *sine qua non*, and without it we cannot go on. In prose, then, a host of five-dollar subscribers and many 'Patrons' at \$25 are needed, even the smaller amount yielding to the giver the season's elaborate quarto, illustrated, and the Annual Report, with lists of donors. Let me hear in pleasant June (of whose fair days Mr. Lowell, our only *honorary* Vice-President, sang so melodiously) some equally pleasant things from your readers, as this earnest call may chance to here and there move a heart to feel and a hand to give for a special work on behalf of truth and knowledge.

WM. C. WINSLOW,

Vice-President and Honorary Treasurer,
525 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, May 30, 1888.

The Magazines

THE Siberian paper of the June *Century* is exceedingly interesting. Prevalent faulty notions of the extent and climate of the country are graphically corrected; and the journey through the farming region of western Siberia is picturesquely described. It is delightful to read of the long green-and-silver arcade of birches called 'Catherine's Alley,' and of the steppe stretching to the horizon, one blue ocean of forget-me-nots. But delight vanishes as we enter the Tiumen forwarding prison, with its horrible record of 1741 prisoners in quarters designed for 800—160 men sleeping in a room with air-space for 35. The Lincoln history deals with Bull Run and with Frémont's commandery of the Department of the West. Theo. L De Vinne contributes an account of 'A Printer's Paradise'—the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp,—with charming illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Miss A. G. Morse, and from paintings and old prints. Mr. Burroughs gives us one of his always individual and vigorous essays, on 'Matthew Arnold's Criticism,' the force and value of which, he thinks, are greater in England than in this country, because 'with us the conscience of the race needs stimulating more than the reason needs clearing.'

'We need Hebraizing more than we need Hellenizing; and we need Carlyle more than we need Arnold. Yet we need Arnold too.' The latter's utterances on American civilization seem to Mr. Burroughs just and timely. In Open Letters, however, Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer points out the defectiveness of Arnold's dicta with regard to American art. Mr. Roosevelt tells of 'The Ranchman's Rifle on Crag and Prairie,' Prof. Atwater considers 'What We Should Eat,' and General Horace Porter treats of 'The Philosophy of Courage.' There is an excellent portrait of Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, accompanying a sketch of his life by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. Mr. S. P. Cheney's chosen song-birds are, this month, the Baltimore oriole, wood-thrush, hermit-thrush and tawny thrush; and Amanda T. Jones has some fresh and vivid poems on 'Kansas Bird-Songs.' The number is rich in fine poetry; we cannot refrain from mentioning, as especially impressive, 'How the Mohawks Set Out for Meductec,' by Charles G. D. Roberts. Mr. James has perhaps never made use of a more curious motive than in the story called 'The Liar,' here concluded. Other short stories are 'By Telephone,' a pleasant absurdity by Brander Matthews, and 'Selina's Singular Marriage,' a little surprise contrived by Grace Denio Litchfield.

On opening *Harper's* one is confronted by the fine, kindly countenance of 'the author of John Halifax.' Among the portraits given as illustrations of Mr. Bowker's paper on the London novelists, are those of Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, Stevenson, George Meredith, Mrs. Ritchie (a profile view, strongly suggesting her father, Thackeray), and Mrs. Oliphant. Various facts are stated as to favorite methods and times of composition, and some strange anecdotes are related. Writers ought to be warned against overwork by the cases of Wilkie Collins, who used to be followed upstairs by 'a green woman with tusk teeth,' and David Christie Murray, whose unwelcome guest was 'a halberdier with an axe, dressed in red and black.' There is an illustrated article on Capri, by Mary E. Vandyne; and Edward P. Sanguinette records, with both pen and pencil, his 'Impressions in Burnoose and Saddle.' A paper on Kansas by Robert Hay is balanced by Mr. Warner's second paper on Chicago. Mr. Abbey furnishes four pictures for 'Barbara Allen's Cruelty,' and Alfred Parsons has drawn a lovely pastoral scene for Wordsworth's 'Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun.' H. E. Krehbiel's article on 'Surpliced Choirs in New York' is elaborately illustrated. 'In Far Lochaber' advances but slowly. Mr. Howells begins a novel, 'Annie Kilburn,' with the return of the heroine, at thirty, from Rome to her home in Hatboro, Mass. It is perfectly real, if rather grim and gritty, in its portrayal of character and manners in a small town. Mr. James's 'Two Countries,' on the contrary, strikes us as perfectly unreal in its conclusion, and, in finish, hardly worthy of its author. In the Editor's Study, among other things, 'The Melting Mood as a Literary Force' is touched upon (see last week's CRITIC). The Easy Chair admits the good temper, at least, of Arnold's comments on America, and, like Mr. Burroughs, finds his arraignment of the press not unjust. There are three poems, one of which is by T. B. Aldrich.

Col. Ingersoll's very limited view of Christianity, and the exuberant energy and complete self-satisfaction with which he sets it forth, are so familiar to all, that special comment on his communication addressed to Mr. Gladstone, in *The North American Review* for June, appears unnecessary. We merely note in passing his casual critical remark that in Edgar Fawcett's 'brain are united the beauty of the poet and the subtlety of the logician.' Senator Ingalls has a short but sufficiently savage paper on 'Fetichism in the Campaign.' Senators Hiscock and Allison, Mr. Depew, and

Gen. Harrison, are discussed as 'Possible Presidents.' The question 'Are Fast or Slow Steamers the Safest?' has been put to the commanders of the principal steamers on the Atlantic, and Mr. W. H. Rideing sums up the evidence, finding 'that the ship of great power not only diminishes the period of exposure to such dangers as there may be in the trans-Atlantic voyage, but that she is also better fitted for meeting those dangers.' J. Randolph Tucker writes of 'Virginia in the Supreme Court,' and Charles L. Norton of 'Ghosts, Dreams, and Hypnotism.' Mr. Edison, in a paper on 'The Perfected Phonograph,' incidentally suggests that 'authors can publish their novels or essays exclusively in phonogram form, so as to talk to their readers personally; and in this way they can protect their works from being stolen by means of defective copyright laws.' From a literary standpoint the most enjoyable article of the number is Mr. Stoddard's brief, appreciative essay on 'Matthew Arnold as a Poet,' in which he claims for 'Sohrab and Rustum' 'a distinction which no other English narrative poem possesses.'

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

A STATUE to Giuseppe Garibaldi, erected by popular subscription among the Italians of New York, was unveiled in Washington Square on Monday morning in the presence of a large number of societies in the uniforms of various Italian military corps, and an immense crowd of Italians and Italian sympathizers. It was as picturesque a gathering as has ever been seen in New York. The statue, by Giovanni Turini, an Italian sculptor in this city, is of pale bronze, and stands on a simple rectangular granite pedestal at the east side of the main roadway. The figure has a different expression from every point of view. The best side is the right, the left being somewhat heavy. The front view also is good. The hero stands with the left foot advanced in the act of drawing his sword, the right arm being uncovered except for the sleeve of the loose red shirt, while the left is almost covered by the cloak draped over the shoulder. The cloak is much better arranged at the right than at the left. The lifelike expression of the face is lost at the left, and the long hair is not as well modelled, on this side, as it might be. The effect of too much breadth and too little height is noticeable from certain points of view. There is a rough realism, a sort of democratic yet heroic feeling, in the work, which is very appropriate to the subject, and the treatment as a whole admirably presents the Italian hero, as a popular incarnation of a national ideal. The inscription on the front of the pedestal is 'Garibaldi,' with the dates '1807—1882.' At the back is the inscription (in Italian) 'June 2nd 1888. The Italians of the United States of America erected.' The statue is 8 ft. 10 in. in height and the pedestal 14 ft. 6 in. The cost was \$10,000.

—'The Masters of Wood-Engraving' is the title of a new and important art-work by W. J. Linton, the famous English engraver. It is issued only to subscribers. Only five hundred copies will be issued (at 10^l, 10^s), and an *édition de luxe* of one hundred (at 21^l). The ordinary edition will form a single volume, containing 229 pages of text, with nearly 248 page-subjects. The second edition will be on paper large enough to admit of its containing certain important engravings entire, such as Harvey's 'Dentatus' and the cuts from Durer's 'Apocalypse' and 'Greater Passion.' In addition will be given Durer's most important work in wood, 'The Triumphal Car of Maximilian,' 7 ft. 4 in. long, with a height of 18 in. The Dawson fac-simile processes will be used. Mr. Linton's address is 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, London.

—Mr. Olin L. Warner, the sculptor, has completed a fountain for Portland, Oregon. It is of granite and bronze, and will occupy a space about twenty-three feet in diameter. The height will be about fourteen feet. The bronze basin, eight feet in diameter, rests upon a granite shaft and upon bronze caryatides. The work is said to be of a high order of merit.

—A stained-glass window in memory of President Arthur has recently been completed by the Tiffany Glass Co., for Trinity Church, Lenox, Mass. The design is Byzantine in character, the top being semi-circular. In the centre of the arch is a seven-branched candelabrum, and in the centre of the main panel is a golden yellow cross, ending below in a ball. Below is a dark red panel, surrounded with amber jewels. Painted on the upper portions of the window are four doves perched on a grapevine in fruit. The effect is simple and harmonious.

—The autumn exhibition at the National Academy will open Nov. 19 and close Dec. 15. Works will be received at the Academy from Monday, Oct. 29, to Wednesday, Oct. 31. Varnishing days will be Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15 and 16.

—The Gotham Art Students' Association will remain open during June. Next season, Siddons Mowbray will have charge of the morning life-class for women, the advanced class in painting from life, and (together with B. R. Fitz) the evening life-class. Charles Mente will have charge of the head class in painting, Emil Carlsen of the still-life painting class, Edward Dowdall of the preparatory, painting, head and still-life, and B. West Cline Dienst of the morning and evening cast classes. An exhibition of decorative work by Galland and Lafarge was held at the rooms of the Association last week.

—At the Paris Salon, the American artists, Mosler, Ridgeway, Knight, Walter Gay, and one or two others, obtained third-class medals for their paintings. Mr. Adams, the sculptor, received honorable mention.

—The New York Etching Club has announced that at the next exhibition the size of the plates will be limited, and no work will be received from publishers. This step has been rendered necessary by the amount of commercial work now executed by all but the very best etchers.

—The Architectural League of New York, on the occasion of its monthly dinner, last Monday evening, held an exhibition of sketches made in Egypt by Edwin H. Blashfield. Mr. Blashfield gave an interesting account of his recent trip through Egypt, and spoke at length of the ancient Egyptian polychromatic decorations.

—The Metropolitan Museum has received the gift of a picture by Karl Hubner, 'The Poacher's Death,' which was for many years in the old Düsseldorf Gallery in this city. It was painted in 1850. From the Düsseldorf Gallery, the picture passed into the possession of John Taylor Johnston, and was purchased from his collection in 1876 by Mr. McAlpin. The canvas is 38x53 inches in size.

Robert Browning.

[Extracts from an essay by Hamilton W. Mabie in *The Andover Review* for Aug. '87.]

THE best minds still hold the old conception of poetry as a revelation; as containing something more and something greater than the individual poet intended or even comprehended when the creative impulse and energy possessed him. The story he told, the song he sang, convey more than the definite truth, the striking incident, the inspiring vision; they disclose the deeper mind of the singer in his conscious and unconscious relations to his time and to universal life. It is quite conceivable that in one sense the critics have found more in 'Faust' than Goethe consciously embodied in that marvelous drama of human experience. Clearly as the great German had thought his way through all knowledge, and thoroughly as he had rationalized his life, there were forces in his nature whose momentum and tendency he never understood; there were depths in his habitual meditation which he never sounded. His relation to his own time and the character and movement of that time were matters of frequent and searching thought to him; and yet in the age and in his part in it there was much that was invisible or obscure to him. There is in 'Faust' a revelation of the time through its most sensitive personality, of which, in the nature of things, the poet was for the most part unconscious. This fact does not diminish the greatness of such an achievement as the writing of a classic drama; it simply recalls the supplementary fact that as every work of art discloses relations to universal principles and to an historical development, so every artist discovers certain far-reaching and highly significant spiritual and intellectual affinities, which are so completely a part of himself that he never separates them in consciousness.

The poet, by a law of his nature, is compelled to open his heart to us; when he plans to conceal himself most securely, he is making the thing he would hide most clear to us. Shakespeare is the most impersonal of poets, and yet no poet has made us understand more clearly the conditions under which, in his view, this human life of ours is lived; while of Byron, who

bore
With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,
Through Europe to the Aetolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart,

and of many another of his temperament, we possess the fullest and most trustworthy knowledge. But the poet tells our secret as frankly as he tells his own. We are irresistibly drawn to him not only because he gives us his view of things, the substance of his personal life, but because he makes ourselves clear and comprehensible to us. It is our thought in his words which has such power to bring back the vision which has faded off the horizon of life and left it bare and empty; to restore the vigor of faith and the clearness of insight which have failed us because we have not trusted them. It is this restoration of our truest selves to us which gives the great poets such power over us, and makes their great works

at once so remote and so familiar. In its most characteristic singers, each age finds itself searched to the very bottom of its consciousness. The scientists tell us something of our time, the philosophers, the critics, and the writers of discursive mind more, but the poet alone knows the secret of its joys or its sorrows, its activity or its repose, its progress or its retrogression. All these things enter vitally into his life, and in giving expression to his own thought he gives them form and substance. We learn more of the heart of Mediævalism from Dante than from all the historians; more of the England of Elizabeth from Shakspeare than from all the chroniclers; and the future will find the essential character of the America of the last-half century more clearly revealed in Emerson and Lowell and Whitman than in all the industrious recorders who were their less penetrating contemporaries.

Robert Browning offers us a double revelation: he discloses the range and the affinities of his own nature, and the large and significant thought of his time concerning those matters which form the very substance of its life. Burns drove his plowshare through his own native soil, singing as he went, and the daisy blossomed in the furrow and the lark sang overhead; but Browning takes the whole world as his field, and harvests every sort of product which goes to the sustenance of men. A poet of such wide range and such wellnigh universal insight demands much of his readers, and must wait patiently for their acceptance of his claims. He offers that which necessitates a peculiar training before it can be received. The Greeks held it dangerous to accept gifts from the gods; even at the altar, men must give as well as receive if their relations with the Invisible and the Eternal are to be moral and self-respecting. They only truly worship in whom something responds to the Divine and comprehends it. In the same way the great thinkers and artists compel a certain preparation in those to whom they would communicate that which is incommunicable save to kindred insight and sympathy. The flower by the wayside discovers its superficial loveliness to every eye, but they are few to whom it discloses its identity with the universal beauty which makes it akin with the flight of birds and the splendor of stars. It is only by degrees that the most sympathetic minds enter into the fundamental conceptions of life and the universe which another has reached as the result of long and eager thinking and living. The more fundamental and vital these conceptions are, the more tardy will be their complete recognition by others. A swift, alert, acute mind like Voltaire's makes all its processes clear, and the result of its activity, varied as it may be, is soon measured and ascertained. But a profound, vital intellect like Herder's, entering into the living processes of nature and of history, finds little sympathy and less comprehension until, by the slow and painful education of a general movement of mind, the range and value of its contribution to human thought are understood. We have already exhausted Voltaire, but the most intelligent and open-minded student of modern life and thought still finds in Herder hints of movements which are yet to touch our intellectual lives with fresh impulse; thoughts which are unlighted torches waiting for the hand strong enough to ignite and bear them forward.

If Browning's genius had remained long unrecognized and unhonored among his contemporaries, the frequent harshness and obscurity of his expression must not bear the whole responsibility. His thought holds so much that is novel, so much that is as yet unadjusted to knowledge, art, and actual living, that its complete apprehension even by the most open-minded must be slow and long delayed. No English poet ever demanded more of his readers, and none has ever had more to give them. Since Shakspeare no-maker of English verse has seen life on so many sides, entered into it with such intensity of sympathy and imagination, and pierced it to so many centres of its energy and motivity. No other has so completely mastered the larger movement of modern thought on the constructive side, or so deeply felt and so adequately interpreted the modern spirit. It is significant of his insight into the profounder relations of things that Browning has also entered with such characteristic thoroughness of intellectual and spiritual kinship into Greek and Italian thought; has rendered the serene and noble beauty of the one into forms as obviously true and sincere as 'Cleon,' and the subtle and passionate genius of the other into forms as characteristic as 'The Ring and the Book.'

A mind capable of dealing at first hand with themes so diverse evidently possesses the key to that universal movement of life in which all race activities and histories are included, not by violent and arbitrary adjustment of differences, but by insight into those deep and vital relations which give history its continuity of revelation and its unity of truth. It is a long road which stretches from the 'Edipus of Sophocles' to 'Pippa Passes,' but if Browning's conception of life is true, it is a highway worn by the feet of marching generations, and not a series of alien and antagonistic territories, each unrelated to the other. The continuity of civilization and of

the life of the human spirit, widening by an inevitable and healthful process of growth and expansion, evidently enters into all his thought and gives it a certain repose even in the intensity of passionate utterance. Whatever decay of former ideals and traditions his contemporaries may discover and lament, Browning holds to the general soundness and wholesomeness of progress, and finds each successive stage of growth not antagonistic but supplementary to those which have preceded it. His view of life involves the presence of those very facts and tendencies which a less daring and less penetrating spiritual insight finds full of disillusion and bitterness. Though all the world turn pessimist, this singer will still drink of the fountain of joy, and trace the courses of the streams that flow from it by green masses of foliage and the golden glory of fruit.

[To be continued.]

Notes

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, the well-known writer, traveller, man of the world and religious enthusiast, whose present home is at Haifa, Palestine, is visiting this city.

—Prince Roland Napoleon Bonaparte, grandson of the first Emperor's brother, Lucien, is staying at the Hoffman House. He is an ex-soldier, and a scientific worker, and has written several books, including 'Les Habitants de Surinam' and 'Les Premières Nouvelles Concernant l'Eruption de Krakatoa en 1883.'

—Several London publishers are in town, or have just returned to London from visits to this country. Mr. George Lock, of Ward, Lock & Co., is still here. Mr. Charles Longman, of Longmans, Green & Co., has returned we believe; and so has Mr. Daldy, of Virtue & Co.

—It is understood, says *The Athenaeum*, 'that Messrs. Sonnenchein & Co. are about to open a branch house in New York. There is evidently a growing tendency amongst publishers, owing, doubtless, to the great competition existing and the number of books thrown on the market, to get into direct touch with the retail booksellers in America and the colonies. This seems to forebode a diminished trade for the general commission houses.'

—The twentieth annual meeting of the American Philological Association will begin at Amherst, Mass., at 3 P.M., Tuesday, July 10, in Walker Hall, Amherst College. The address of the President, Prof. Isaac H. Hall of New York, will be delivered in the Athenaeum Room of Williston Hall on that evening, at 8 o'clock. Members intending to be present are requested to send their names to Mr. L. H. Elwell (at Amherst, Mass.), Chairman of the Local Committee, as soon as possible. Those who propose to read papers are requested to notify the Secretary not later than June 28, that announcement may be made in a circular to be issued a few days before the meeting.

—*Belford's Magazine* has just made its appearance. The *cheval de bataille* of the first number is 'Old Man Gilbert,' a 'complete novel' by Mrs. Elizabeth Bellamy, with a preface by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson. Don Piatt, the editor, contributes three or four articles; and other conspicuous contributors are Thomas G. Shearman (who denounces Protection), Julian Hawthorne, Henry George, Edgar Saltus and Ella Wheeler Wilcox—truly a varied list!

—D. Appleton & Co. will publish in July 'A Virginia Inheritance' by Edmund Pendleton (brother of the American Minister to Germany), whose first venture in fiction, 'A Conventional Bohemian,' was published about two years ago.

—Mr. Benjamin Rand is about to put forth, through Waterman & Adee of Cambridge, a volume of 'Selections Illustrating Economic History since the Seven Years' War.'

—Col. Higginson has in this week's *Independent* an article on a MS. volume of Shelley's poems recently acquired by Harvard College Library. He says:

—A copy of 'Pickwick' in the original parts has just been sold for 50s. It was the first copy from the press, and was given by Dickens to Mary Hogarth.

The book is a small quarto, containing originally 160 pages, of which sixty have been torn out, although originally written upon, as appears from the table of contents at the end. Two of the other pages are blank. It contains the following poems in Shelley's hand-writing: 'The Sensitive Plant,' 'An Anacreontic' (The fountains mingle); 'An Exhortation' (Cameleons live); 'Ode to Heaven'; 'Ode to Liberty' (part only); 'The Indian Serenade' (Lines to an Indian Air); 'Song' (Swifter flow); 'To William —'; 'To a Skylark'; 'To the Lord Chancellor'; 'England' (Corpses are cold); 'Song' (Good-night); 'Sonnet to the Republic of Benevento.' The following are in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting, with occasional corrections in Shelley's own: 'A Vision of the Sea'; 'To-Night'; 'Song' (Rarely, rarely); 'A Dream'; 'Hymn to Mercury'; 'Ballad' (Young Parson Richards). There is also one sonnet, 'Ye hasten to the dead,' in a hand different from the others.

—A new volume by Matthew Arnold, entitled 'Essays in Criticism—Second Series,' will shortly be published by Macmillan & Co. The title was chosen, and the selection of articles made, in January last. All of them have appeared in magazines, reviews or elsewhere. The essays are purely literary. No list of contents will be published till the book is ready.

—It is proposed, we believe, to place a bust of Matthew Arnold in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

—On hearing that slavery was abolished in Brazil by Act of Parliament, the poet Whittier sent the following dispatch by cable to the Emperor, Dom Pedro, at Milan:—'With thanks to God, who has blessed your generous efforts, I congratulate you on the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil, John G. Whittier.' Visconde Nivaca at once cabled the Emperor's thanks, and stated that his condition is still critical. Dom Pedro and Mr. Whittier are personally acquainted with each other.

—Mr. Edmund C. Stedman will be unable to deliver the commencement oration at Dartmouth. The Rev E. E. Hale will take his place.

—Wells College was founded twenty-one years ago, and is just of age. Its twentieth Commencement occurs this month. President Frisbee will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday, June 17; the following Tuesday will be Class Day; and on Wednesday President Gilman of Johns Hopkins will deliver an address before the graduating class. We observe that in the list of graduates in the Catalogue, the name of Mrs. Cleveland (who is now a Trustee of the College) is still given as 'Frank Folsom.'

—Messrs. Lippincott are getting out an anonymous novel 'From 18 to 20,' by 'one of the best known young ladies in Philadelphia society.'

—'The National Revenues,' a little book containing twenty original essays, dealing incidentally with tariff revision, will be published by A. C. McClurg & Co. at once. Although the writers are mostly Eastern men, the editor is Dr. Albert Shaw of Minneapolis.

—Robert Carter's 'Cruise on the Coast of New England' is to appear in a new edition, with an introduction by Rossiter Johnson. So scarce has the original edition become, that the copy from which the new issue was made cost \$5 in gold.

—Mr. W. E. Benjamin announces a fifth edition of Mr. Saltus's 'Mr. Incoul's Misadventure,' and a second of Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's 'Sea-Spray.'

—The series of articles on practical housekeeping that have appeared in *Harper's Basar*, from the pen of Christine Terhune Herrick (Marion Harland's daughter), are about to be issued in a volume bearing the imprint of Harper & Bros. The series met with great success in the *Basar*, and is likely to be even more successful in book form.

—Of the production of 'The Scarlet Letter' on the London stage, the *Times*' correspondent cabled on Monday:

Shorn of its poetry and dealing simply with the guilt of Hester Prynne, Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' dramatized by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, was presented to-night at the Royalty Theatre by Eleanor Calhoun and her company. . . . The play, although crude and sketchy, proved interesting. . . . The ending of the novel is changed, and now Roger Chillingworth is charged with being the father of the child. He strenuously denies the charge and denounces Dimmesdale. The crowd rushes upon him. He flies from them and is pursued, and as the minister is about to confess his guilt, news is brought to the Governor that Chillingworth has been killed by the mob. Hester exclaims: 'It is the hand of God!' and the curtain falls.

Mr. Forbes Robertson played Dimmesdale, and Mr. Norman Forbes was Chillingworth.

—Mr. Whittaker promises for next week the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the Camelot Series; Richard Garnett's Life of Emerson, in the Great Writers Series; the Odes of Horace, in the Canterbury Poets, translated and edited by Sir Stephen De Vere; and Vol. VII of Wilson's 'Tales of the Borders.'

—Mr. Edward King, in his last letter from Paris to *The Evening Post* and other papers, confirms the favorable opinion of the literary quality of M. Richepin's poetic drama, 'The Filibuster,' recently cabled to the *Times*. The young poet's verse answers the purpose of the stage better than M. Coppée's, he thinks; and of one passage in the new play he says: 'Hugo in his youth did nothing better than this.' A new novel of Richepin's, called 'Cesarino,' has just been republished from *La Nouvelle Revue*, with all the 'bold' passages, which had to be modified for magazine publication, restored. Louise Michel's new play was so modified by the Censor in the interests of decency, that the author professed not to recognize her own work in it. Mr. King writes entertainingly of the late Charles Monselet, the 'amiable and erudite

gourmet,' who wrote dramatic criticisms for a living, and a sonnet to the pig for love. Ambroise Thomas has written music for a ballet founded on 'The Tempest'—a 'pastoral, idyllic and eminently picturesque pantomime,' with music worthy of Thomas's best days.

—A Gypsy-Lore Society has just been formed, with Mr. C. G. Leland as President and Mr. H. T. Crofton as Vice-President. The membership includes the Archduke Joseph of Hungary, Sir Richard Burton, M. Paul Bataillard, Dr. Alexander Paspati, Francis Groome, Dr. Crofton and other English and Continental students of Romany. The Society will publish a quarterly journal, beginning July 1, copies of which will be confined to members. The subscription fee is \$5 per year; and the Secretary is Mr. David MacRitchie, 4 Archibald Place, Edinburgh.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press a new and revised edition of the 'old-established' Andrews & Stoddard's Latin Grammar, edited by Henry Preble, Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard.

—'The Letters and Memorials of the late Archbishop Trench,' edited by his daughter, are in press.

—Prof. Henry Drisler has been made Acting President of Columbia College, till President Barnard's successor shall be chosen. Prof. Wm. M. Sloan of Princeton has declined the proffered Chair of Latin at Columbia.

—Mr. Rutland Barrington's dramatization of Mr. A. C. Gunter's 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' now running at the Olympic, London, is said by *Public Opinion* to be 'one of the most powerful plays on the stage.' It was at first called 'To the Death,' but is now named after the novel.

—The first volume of the 'Correspondence of Peter the Great,' which is about to appear under the editorship of Count Tolstoi (not the novelist), will contain 402 letters and documents referring to the period 1688–1701, and will consist of more than 1000 pages. There are two portraits, fac-similes of letters, and plans and drawings made by Peter himself. M. Zamyslovsky has contributed a glossary of technical and disused words. The work has been brought out under the supervision of a committee of *savants*, of whom Prof. Bytchkoff, Director of the Imperial Public Library, is the chief. In 1877, 10,000 documents had been collected. Recognition is made of the co-operation of the Governments of Austria, England, Holland, Prussia and Saxony.

—*The Athenaeum* says that 'Ben-my-Chree,' the play founded by Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett upon Mr. Caine's novel, 'The Deemster,' is 'entitled to rank far higher than most modern dramatic work.' Still, it is not a 'good play.'

—The death has been announced at the residence of her son, Mr. Richard Brinsley Knowles, near Regent's Park, London, in the eighty-first year of her age, of the widow of the celebrated dramatist, James Sheridan Knowles. Mrs. Knowles, who was her husband's second wife, was better known some fifty years ago, as an actress, by her maiden name, Miss Emma Elphinstone.

—Of his own poems, Dr. Holmes says in the June *Book Buyer*:

In my opinion, 'The Chambered Nautilus' is my most finished piece of work, and I think it is my favorite. But there are also 'The Voiceless,' 'My Aviary,' written at my window there, 'The Battle of Bunker Hill,' and 'Dorothy Q.' written to the portrait of my great-grandmother, which you see on the wall there. All these I have a liking for; and when I speak of the poems I like best, there are two others that ought to be included—'The Silent Melody' and 'The Last Leaf.' I think these are among my best. What is the history of 'The Chambered Nautilus'? It has none,—it wrote itself. So, too, did 'The One Hoss Shay.' That was one of those random conceptions that gallop through the brain, and that you catch by the bridle. I caught it and reined it. All my poems are written while I am in a sort of spasmodic mental condition that almost takes me out of my own self, and I write only when under such influence. It is for this reason, I think, that I can never remember a poem a short time after it is written, any more than the subject of double consciousness can recall the ideas of his other state.

—Miss Braddon has returned from Venice, where she has been busy upon the proofs of her forthcoming novel, 'The Fatal Three,' which will be issued early this month, by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., to whom the publication of all the Braddon novels will be transferred in September.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish this month Vol XIX in the Story of the Nations Series, 'The Story of Turkey,' by Stanley Lane-Poole; Thackeray's 'The Rose and the Ring,' with fac-similes of the author's illustrations, and Fouqué's 'Undine' and 'Sintram,' with fac-similes of the original illustrations, both in the Knickerbocker Nuggets; 'Industrial Liberty,' an analysis of existing conditions in the United States, by John M. Bonham; 'In

Castle and Cabin; or, Talks in Ireland in 1887,' by George Pellew; 'A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution, from the Earliest Times to the Dissolution of the Kingdom,' by Samuel Epsom Turner; 'The Tariff History of the United States, from 1789–1888,' by F. W. Tausig; 'A Hard-Won Victory,' by Grace D. Lichfield; 'The Gallery of a Random Collector,' by Clinton Ross; 'Lajla,' from the Norwegian of Prof. J. A. Friis by Ingerid Markhus; 'Our Uncle and Aunt,' by A. Martin.

—The graduating class at Yale will plant a slip of ivy this month, on class day, as usual. The sprig is from the castle, at Pau, of Henry IV of France.

—The late Gen. W. J. Smythe bequeathed to the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, the sum of 3000^l, the interest to be applied 'towards the encouragement and promotion of the Irish language, by the publication of books, giving aid to the teachers of the language, or by such other ways as may appear to the Council most desirable.'

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1353.—Which edition of Webster's *Unabridged* is most complete in all respects?

KITTRILL, N. C.

[The latest general and complete revision was copyrighted in 1864; in 1879 were added a Supplement of new words and new meanings, and a Biographical Dictionary; in 1884, a Geographical Gazetteer of about one hundred pages. While 1864 is given as the date of the copyright of the body of the book, the current impressions (1888) are very different from those of 1864, as a corps of editorial workers is kept employed in correcting, extending and perfecting the work, making, on the average, several thousand changes in the plates each year.]

No. 1354.—Where are these quotations to be found?

1. The path to power is steep and rough,
And tempests reign above.
2. Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours.
3. Life has nobler uses
Than regret.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

K. S.

ANSWERS

No. 1321.—The authorship of the Poem 'Millais's Huguenots' is not given in the little compilation called 'Tender and True'; it is merely credited to *The Spectator*, from which I judge it to have been published anonymously. I searched through ten years of the paper, hoping to find it, but gave it up when I discovered that the picture was painted by Millais in 1852, and the poem might have been written and published at any time during the past twenty-six years.

NEW YORK.

H. M.

Publications Received

RECEIPT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IS ACKNOWLEDGED IN THIS COLUMN. FURTHER NOTICE OF ANY WORK WILL DEPEND UPON ITS INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE. WHERE NO ADDRESS IS GIVEN THE PUBLICATION IS ISSUED IN NEW YORK.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Parts 17–18. 50c. each.	The Century Co.
Boyd, E. W. English Cathedrals. 60c.	Thos. Whittaker.
Browning, R. Poems, Vol. II. Paracelsus. 51.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Burbank, W. H. The Photographic Negative. \$1.50.	Scoville Mfg Co.
Campbell, H. Roger Berkeley's Probation. 50c.	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Carrothers, J. D. Kesa and Sajizo. \$1.50.	American Tract So.
Champlin, E. R. Lovers' Lyrics. Philadelphia: A. Edw. Newton & Co.	J. W. Bouton.
Dickens Aquarelles, The.	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Dod, S. B. Stubble or Wheat?	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Erskine, P. Iona.	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Hale, E. E. Two Tangiers Vacations. 50c.	Boston: David Nutt.
Henley, W. E. A Book of Verses.	Archdiocesan Union.
Lavelle, M. J. Catholic Young Men's Societies.	Belford, Clark & Co.
Leslie, Mrs. Frank. Rents in our Robes.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Lockwood, S. E. H. Lessons in English. \$1.25.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Manville, M. Over the Divide. \$1.25.	New York.
Marcus Aurelius Selections from. By S. C. Upton.	Cassell & Co.
Milton, John. Areopagitica. 10c.	J. S. Oglivie.
Ogilvie's Popular Reading. No. 42.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Piatt, J. J. Poems of House and Home. \$1.25.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Rita. Daphne. 50c.	Ruutz-Rees, J. E. Catechism Compiled for the Fellowship of the New Life.
Smith, G. D. A Trip to England. 40c.	Orange, N. J. Chronicle.
Sohn and Daughters. 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Steele, J. I. Popular Physics.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Stoddard, Elizabeth. Two Men.	A. S. Barnes & Co.
Wheeler, E. G. Stray Leaves from Newport. \$1.50.	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
The Colonel's Opera Cloak. 50c.	Cassell & Co.
White, J. S. Recent Examination Papers. \$1.25.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Wright, G. McN. Seaside and Wayside, No. 2.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.